

Adrian

Adrian galloped up the hill  
in the moonlight with his  
heart pounding and breathing  
hard and the moon in his eyes.

He stopped at the top,  
tilted a little flask quickly,  
and continued loping down the  
hill toward the village,  
sleeping in the moonlight.

Adrian loved to jog under the  
full moon and have a swig  
every time he stopped to rest.

He used to pretend he was a horse,  
and snort and whinny,  
after the flask was empty.

#### Just Waiting

They wait in their  
high-ceilinged house  
among familiar fields,  
and a clock ticks monotonously  
behind a dusty sunbeam,  
as the blue-veined back of  
a gnarled hand wipes  
coffee-drops from a yellow-  
stained moustache.

Windows offer vistas of  
small fields cleared in  
strong-backed days when  
chickens cackled on the  
doorstep and the silence  
when sons and daughters left  
is still all around the place,  
like upstairs in rooms where  
child feet thumped  
so many years ago.

And now two gray heads  
stare out of kitchen windows,  
while elbows rest on a checkered  
tablecloth as the clock ticks  
relentlessly  
behind a dusty sunbeam.

-- William R. Lamppa

New Brighton, Minnesota